

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 9.—VOL. XXI.] SEPTEMBER, 1877. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE CLEVER MAN.—It is a remark of Lord Blachford's, well worth remembering, though it is very humiliating to clever men, "that the clever man misleads himself by his own subtlety, and even obscures what he can understand by the dust which he raises in searching for what he cannot."

GRUMBLERS.—There are some people who never seem satisfied with the weather. The manager of the Clifton Spring *Sanitarium* may have been troubled with such a class, for they were surprised, one morning, by finding on each of their doors a preamble and resolutions concerning weather, in which the Lord was recommended to associate with Himself an advisory council of weather experts from the grumblers of the *Sanitarium*. "Possibly with their help," the paper said, "He can make clouds that will not darken; winds that shall bring the balm of the tropics out of the north, and raise rains from the ocean without chills, that shall purify the air without blowing; and He can make all days clear and sunny, without interfering with the growth of vegetation, or raising dust, or drying up springs, or spoiling navigation, or making tan and freckles; or He can create rains which will not be wet and make mud, and damp the clothes-line on washing day. And such." But, after good-humoured sarcasm came the doctor's good-humoured seriousness, winding up with this:—

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We must not cry;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather."

The above, we think, is a specific for grumblers.

SLEEP.—Night after night we die, and are born again. We lie down on our bed as in our grave, and the time comes when we lie down in the grave as on our bed; but, as Dean Milman wrote, "It matters little at what hour of the day the righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come to him untimely who has learned to die. The less of this brief life the more of heaven; the shorter time, the longer immortality."

NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF.—Nature has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrops that refresh the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in the channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all is written, "None of us liveth to himself."

A BEGINNING.—One of the missions in Paris, in which Englishwomen are engaged, was called into existence, says the *Christian*, in the following way:—"Stepping down from a shop in the Rue Luxembourg, two girls passed Miss Ada Leigh, and one exclaimed with a toss of the head—'And I don't care *what* becomes of me!' 'But I do!' and a little note was put into the girl's hand. She turned with a half-defiant look, but nevertheless came and sought a private interview with Miss Leigh at her hotel. That girl, who was of Scotch origin, became a great help in bringing others to the Sunday Bible-class then formed, and it was her offering of *one franc*, 'a gift of faith and love,' four years after—July 27th, 1872—which laid the foundation of the mission home for Englishwomen in Paris, 77, Avenue de Wagram, which has since been purchased for over £10,000. The Scotch girl's gift was to man's view weak and small, but the faith and love which prompted it brought an acknowledgment from the God of faith and love Himself."

UNDER SIXTEEN.—A case was decided lately which ought to be made widely known. A girl, Catharine Smith, under sixteen, became a Presbyterian in the service of a Presbyterian mistress, and her Catholic mother applied to the Court of Chancery for her restoration. We learn that the Court held that after the death of a father, a mother is entitled to the custody of a daughter up to the age of sixteen, and the daughter under that age cannot withdraw herself from the care and control of her mother.

SINGING IN THE FAMILY.—What we want is more singing and melody in our houses. There is much said in the Bible about praise, and we are again and again enjoined to "Sing with the spirit and the understanding." Singing is a healthy occupation, it opens the chest, exercises the lungs, and represses pulmonary complaints. Brothers and sisters should join together in learning to sing. Families should unite for this purpose; they will find it an excellent way of spending their evenings. Bright cheerful melodies, joyful hymn tunes, sung with spirit, accompanied by some instrument of music. Try it.

EATING FRUIT.—At the present season it may be well for us all to read what the *Medical Journal* says about eating fruit:—"When fruit does harm it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach. A distinguished physician has said that if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of good oranges before breakfast, from February to June, his practice would be gone. The principal evil is that we do not eat enough of fruit, that we injure its finer qualities with sugar, that we drown them in cream. We need the medicinal action of the pure fruit acids in our system, and their cooling, corrective influence."

OF CAXTON, it is said, he was a calm, practical, benevolent man of the world. Till he reached his fiftieth year he had been employed chiefly in ordinary commerce. He was the head of the company of English mercers in Bruges, and Bruges was then the centre both of intellectual culture and of manufacturing arts. Caxton's gradual withdrawal from the lucrative commerce of that age, and the persistent devotion of his later years to the double task, arduous in both its branches, of translating classical or foreign works and multiplying them by the printing press, prove that he had a spirit above the worship of money. He was, in short, a type of the best kind of Englishmen, and of very few of her sons has England truer reason to be proud.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—A gentleman speaking recently at a meeting in the United States said, "The Sunday-school is the outgrowth of the last century. There were now 743,000 Sunday-school teachers in this country and 8,000,000 pupils." "This," he said, "may serve to emphasise the statement that the Sunday-school is the most remarkable phenomenon that the Christian religion has witnessed in the last 100 years. Men and women are devoting themselves to the work without compensation, and proving the work to be the crystallisation of the love that the Gospel teaches people to give their children. Its spirit is as old as the Gospel of Christ, but its methods are recent."

THE POWER OF PREJUDICE.—We are told, in the "Life of Galileo," says Dugald Stewart, that when the telescope was invented some individuals carried to so great a length their devotion to Aristotle that they positively refused to look through that instrument, so averse were they to open their eyes to any truths inconsistent with their favourite creed. It is amusing to find some other followers of the Stagyrte a very few years afterwards, when they found it impossible any longer to call in question the evidence of sense, asserting that it was from a passage in Aristotle (where he attempts to explain why stars become visible in the day time, when viewed from the bottom of a deep well) that the invention of the telescope was borrowed. The two facts, when combined together, exhibit a truly characteristic portrait of one of the most fatal weaknesses incident to humanity, and form a moral apologue, daily exemplified on subjects of still nearer and higher interest than the phenomena of the heavens.

UNINTENTIONAL BENEFICENCE.—Selfish men are largely benefactors without intending to be. They build splendid mansions, lay out magnificent grounds, collect expensive libraries which they never consult. They do all this from the impulses of vanity, pride, rivalry, and self-indulgence. When called upon to do an unostentatious act of genuine kindness they beg to be excused; they cannot afford it. Yet God is using their selfishness to create industry, to afford pleasure to multitudes who, though poor, love the beautiful. Many a rich man is simply God's superintendent of the sources of pleasure and profit which He intends the poor of this world shall be able to enjoy, without having the trouble of taking care of them. But such men have their reward. Their reward is in the gratification of their selfishness, and they have it; and that is all they have.

A CHAPLAIN has been appointed to minister to the canal population near Lichfield.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.—To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person sea-sick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known people to die of cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer in the stomach or any other mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pierced in the arm, has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith that they die. As a man thinketh, so is he. If he wills not to die, he can often live in spite of disease, and if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds—and the will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.—In a review of his autobiography, the *Times* says: Sir John Bowring won his conspicuous fame by hard work. While a counting-house clerk "he contrived to turn his time to such good account that, while still under age, he had learnt half the languages of modern Europe from refugee priests, from Italian vendors of clocks and watches, and from the German and Dutch merchants whose ships then crowded the busy quays of Exeter." He had a wide personal acquaintance with famous men, and saw with his own eyes a large part of the world, being sent on various errands by his Government; was long a working editor of the *Westminster Review*, and had also a career in Parliament. "He lived four lives in one—those of a politician, a man of letters, a man of commerce, and a social reformer; and doubtless in any one of these lines of life he would have risen to higher eminence than he actually attained if he had concentrated his energies, instead of scattering them over so many fields of labour. With the exception of Cardinal Mezzofanti, Bowring was, perhaps, almost the greatest linguist whom the present century has produced, for he could speak, write, and think in almost all the languages of modern Europe."

CHILDHOOD AND THEOLOGY.

A ROSY-CHEEKED girl, with a joyous skip,
And a snatch of song on her ruby lip,
Was trundling her hoop on the gravelled way,
When a stranger, watching her wanton play,
Lifted his finger, as much as to say,
"A word, if you please!" She stopped stone-still,
And tossed back her wayward curls with a will.

Letting the light of her luminous eyes
Fall on the stranger in sweet surprise;
While with parted lips and listening ear,
She waited, in wonder, his message to hear.

"Have you found the Saviour?" he gravely said.

She shook her ringlets, then dropping her head,

Seemed turning the question o'er and o'er,
As one she had never heard before.

Then sadly replied, as her hands she crossed,
"Why, I didn't know the Saviour was lost."

"You don't understand what I mean, my child,"

The stranger replied, as he almost smiled.

"Do you love the dear Jesus?" "O, yes, indeed;

And I love to hear my dear mother read
How fondly he loved every little child;
And I know when he spoke, he always smiled;

And whenever I'm good as I can be,
I'm very sure that he smiles on me."

"But do you trust in the blood, my child?

Do you know you are totally defiled?

That on the dark waves of sin you are tossed,
And without the blood are certainly lost?"

Her hazel eyes dropped, but she raised them again,

As a child-thought flashed through her little brain.

"Oh, yes, sir, I trust in the blood," she said,

"'Tis my blood that keeps me from being dead;

And please do not think that I am lost,
For right down there, where the car's just crossed,

Is my papa's house. You see, I could run
Right home in a minute. It would be fun.
Get up, old hoop"—and away she went,
Far down the walk, on her play intent;
Leaving the stranger to sigh for the teaching

Of good old times, and doctrinal preaching.

And he sadly mused, as away she ran,

"The germ of a Unitarian."

—Rev. Wm. P. Tilden.

FIRST OR SECOND CLASS.

THE bells of Glendon church rang merrily at intervals all the day, for there had been a wedding, and weddings were not very common in Glendon. The bride was known by every one in the village; and all who are acquainted with country life know that such an event could not occur without exciting the greatest possible interest. The young folks would have liked nothing better than to have made a general holiday of the occasion; but their elders judged that although Miss Martine was a great favourite, she was scarcely of sufficient importance to warrant them in closing their shops. It is true that they had once done so; but that was when the Earl's daughter was married; and no one could help admitting that between an Earl's daughter and one of a successful builder there was a considerable distance.

But although the day was not kept as a general holiday, there was not very much work done, for from the time it was known that Miss Martine, dressed in her bridal attire of white silk and orange blossoms, was waiting for the carriage, down to the time when Mrs. Leighton, in a sober travelling-dress, had taken her seat in the train, nothing seemed to be thought of or talked of but the wedding.

The lady herself rather enjoyed this popularity. Every woman is a queen once in her life, namely, on her marriage day, and Ada Martine had not had many opportunities of shining previous to this, having always resided in the village of Glendon, where the habits of the people were simple; but now, in her own mind, though she had said nothing about it, she had resolved that she would not live so humdrum and plain a life as she had done while at home.

She had not been quite pleased with her father. He was, she felt sure, very successful in business, but he would not let his family live up to their means, but made them appear quite unpretending people. Ada did not intend that it should be so in her married life, and a hint or two that she had dropped had informed the bridegroom of her wishes,

and was the source of no little anxiety to him.

He had married so soon because he loved intensely the girl to whom he was engaged. He was a long time winning her, for he began early, and he had been more than five years faithful to his first love.

They were engaged between two and three years, which Ada thought was long enough. If Charles Leighton could have had quite his own way he would have waited a year longer, for his business, though gradually growing, was not at present such as would warrant any great outlay; but Ada took occasion one evening to tell him, in a general though significant way, what she thought of long engagements, and to say that she would not herself be disposed to submit to one.

After that it seemed to the young man that he could not be so ungallant as to let any considerable time pass without asking her to "name the day." And though when he did so she hesitated and talked of postponement, he felt that he could do no other than persuade her to consent to an early time for their union.

After a little pressing she agreed, and Charley, really happy at the prospect, set about to make arrangements for housekeeping. He hoped that the new expense would not be very great. He thought he could easily drop a hint to Ada when she was once his wife, to the effect that there was need for a little economy and care, and then he thought they would not do badly.

He was sure that she loved him enough not to mind an occasional doing without things that she might have liked; and as for himself, he would be very careful not to spend a penny more than he could possibly help. If God gave him health and strength he would work hard, and he felt sure that in the end he would prosper.

Naturally enough, the wedding day was a very happy one to him, and when at the breakfast-table kind friends spoke highly of him and his bride, he felt that there was never a more fortunate man in the whole world than he. He was not sorry, however—for men do not like a fuss—when at last

the breakfast was over, and Ada came down in her travelling-dress, with very red eyes, it is true, for she felt leaving her home exceedingly, but with a sweet clinging movement of the hands towards him which made his heart leap for joy.

"Take care of her, Charley," said the bride's father, "she is giving up everything for you. Be very tender and good to her in return."

"I will, God helping me," said Charley, solemnly, as he put his arm around her.

So they went away, and enough old shoes were thrown after the carriage to delight a poor mother with a large family.

But a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand came over the sky before they had really got away from Glendon.

At the station, Charley was going to the ticket-box, when for a moment he turned to his bride.

"Shall we travel first or second-class, darling?"

A look came over Ada's face that was not quite pleasant to see.

"Would you make me travel second-class on my wedding-day, Charley? I am surprised that you should ask me; but of course, if you cannot afford first-class fare for both of us, I have some money which mamma gave me, and I will pay for myself."

"O, Ada, excuse me; I did not mean to vex you. You see a man does not mind, and I have not been used to the pleasure of travelling with you. Of course, it is quite different now that I have a lady with me. I might have known what was right. Do excuse me, dear."

He went to the box and took first-class tickets, though it was with a sigh that he laid the money down. The fact was that he was not in a position to travel first-class, and he knew it; but still, as he said to himself, a man does not get married every day, and surely he might be pardoned for a little extravagance once in his life.

It took some time for the cloud to pass quite away from Ada's face; but as he talked to her patiently until he had won back the smiles, he inwardly acknowledged that he must not just at present talk of economy, but wait until

a better opportunity presented itself.

It happened, therefore, that through all that wedding tour the happy young couple were first-class people.

Charley could not help a few misgivings, but he put them from him as well as he could, and when the money which he thought would be ample for all their expenses was nearly exhausted, while much of their holiday yet remained to them, he sent home for a remittance, and said no more about it.

Much as the young people had enjoyed their trip, they were not sorry when the time had expired and they went home again, for a very snug and pretty little place awaited them, in which they meant to live like doves.

This house was a wedding present from Ada's father, and they had furnished it very tastefully between them. It was a great comfort to Charles that there was no rent to pay for it, and although he had not been without a hope that Mr. Martine would give them something more substantial than the house, namely, a few hundred pounds, which could have been put into his business, still he was thankful for what had come, and resolved that he would never let his wife's father regret that he had given his daughter into his keeping.

They had a joyous home-coming, for friends met them and welcomed them, and it seemed to both Mr. and Mrs. Leighton that a veritable path of roses lay before them.

They had been home a month, and most of the visits had been received and paid, when Mr. Leighton saw that however hard it might be to do it, he must say something to his wife about their expenses.

He therefore came home one evening earlier than usual, and proceeded to begin the obnoxious task.

He sat in the easy-chair by the fire, with the slippers on his feet that she had worked for him, and with her pretty face smiling opposite to him, and he felt that it was indeed difficult to run the risk of vexing her.

"Ada, my darling," he said, "I do not know whether I shall dissipate any pleasant dreams, but I must talk to you a little to-night about our resources."

"Don't Charley, it will make you miserable, I can see by your face, and why should we have our evening spoiled?"

"I don't think it will spoil the evening, but perhaps it will prevent sorrow afterwards. I told you, dear, I was not at all rich, did I not? I want to tell you that though my business is increasing, I find it very up-hill work, and it must be so for a few years. I think it can be made a really good one, but we must not take a pound out of it more than we are absolutely obliged."

"But Charley, I am not extravagant. I have not bought a new dress since we were married."

"My darling, I think you manage admirably. Do not for a moment suppose that I am blaming you. I only want you to understand that it is necessary to be careful. Some men, I know, never tell their wives anything about their affairs, but I think it is right to take you into my confidence so far. Dear, if it were possible for us to live upon thirty shillings a week, we ought to do so."

"But that is not possible, you know, Charley. However, I will do the best I can. I am disappointed to hear that the business is not better. You must try and increase it, and I promise that I will be very careful."

"Thank you, darling. Now let us have some music, and forget our circumstances."

Months passed away, and Mr. Leighton began to look anxious and worn; his expenses were heavy, and everything made them more so.

He had the joy of welcoming to his household a little stranger that brought a large amount of love and not a little care with her. The worst of it was that Ada was very ill, and it took four months to recover. He got quite used to seeing a couple of nurses whenever he came home, and a doctor nearly every day, and when they all told him how necessary it was that his wife should take plenty of nourishing things, of course he said, "Get everything for her regardless of expense."

When at last she was able to take her place again at the table, and they had a sort of festival on the occasion,

she said, "Why, Charley, you will soon get quite an old man; I declare there are grey hairs in your head."

Mrs. Leighton did not get strong as quickly as they wished, and it was decided that she must go away to sea.

She could not go alone, however, and it was out of the question for her husband to accompany her; but he paid the expenses of a companion, and sent her away quite satisfied.

At the end of two months she came home perfectly restored, and with the baby so healthy that she was the admiration of all beholders.

Mr. Leighton waited until his wife had been some weeks at home, and then he again broached the subject of their expenses.

"I am grieved to trouble you about it dearest, but indeed I can scarcely meet my bills, and unless something is done I am afraid that I cannot keep on."

"Charley, I have told you before that you must increase your income. We cannot lessen our expenses, and it is too bad of you to think that the cure for the evil is to come in that way. Why do you not enlarge your business?"

"That is more easily said than done, dear."

"But other men do it! How many I have known who go on well! Why don't you do as they do?"

"I think I do the very best I can, but will try and add another department."

No one on the premises where his business was carried on worked harder than Mr. Leighton. Already he was doing as much as any two men ought to have done, but after this conversation with his wife he was determined to work harder still—day and night if necessary, rather than she should feel that he was denying her anything.

He found that the new efforts he had made were successful, and this induced him to put forth all his powers, and by the very force of will and work to accomplish wonders.

He gained his end. In one year from the time of his talk with his wife his business had improved so much that it became no longer necessary to trouble her with hints of economy. She could

travel first-class, live first-class style, and patronise first-class shops.

But one day, when Ada was admiring some new curtains that she had just bought, a messenger came to her.

"Mr. Leighton has been taken ill in the office—will you come directly?"

In an agony of grief and suspense, Mrs. Leighton hastened to the side of her husband. She loved him most fondly, and when she saw him lying before her like a corpse, she felt as if the world had no brightness for her.

"O, doctor is he dead?"

"No; but he is in a very precarious state."

"Let us take him home, that I may nurse him."

"It will not be safe to move him at present; but by and by we shall see."

"What is it that is the matter with him?"

"Overwork," said the doctor shortly, and Ada's heart sank within her.

After twenty-four hours of terrible anxiety, they were able to take him home, and place him in his own bed—to die.

The doctor did not at first give up all hope; but when a few days passed, and the patient had a second seizure, he knew what the end would be.

Before that came, however, there were a few lucid moments, when husband and wife spoke to each other.

"Are you better, Charley? Will God spare you to me, after all?"

"I think not, darling. But do not weep for me. I shall be so glad to rest, for I am very tired. And you will not be quite unprovided for. The last six months have been very productive, thank God, for I have been able to put you out of the reach of want."

"I know that it is hard work that has robbed you of your life, and I am sure that you would never have striven as you have if I had not urged you to it."

"It was just this, dear," he said; "we wanted always to go first-class, but there was only money enough to pay for second-class without superhuman exertions to get more."

"Yes, dear, but you never cared which class it was. It was only I who was so foolish. Forgive me, Charley?"

"Darling, I do not blame you. The spirit of the times had got into you, that is all."

"But we should have been quite as happy if we had taken a lower position. We might have kept each other then, and now —"

She broke down utterly, and could say no more; but the stricken man managed to lay his hand caressingly on her head.

"God bless you, darling, and let us meet some day and finish together the life we have begun here."

They were Charley Leighton's last words. He soon became unconscious again, and remained so until he died.—*Christian Weekly.*

SUNLIGHT.

LET the light of the glorious sun into your sleeping-rooms, your sitting-rooms, your kitchens, into your whole house, dispelling the darkness, the dampness, the gloom, and the foul air. It may fade the carpet a little, but not more than the gloomy darkness will fade the countenances of loved ones, not more than it will waste health and vigour. Let the light of cheerfulness and hope into the household, into the domestic circle, scattering gloom, moroseness, unrest, and dissatisfaction; it can do no possible harm, cannot abridge one pleasure, cannot drive the young from home in search of enjoyment, but it will aid the domestic machinery, and soften some of the hard points. But above all, let the still more glorious beams of the sun of righteousness into the soul, enlightening the whole being, warming the affections, vivifying the spiritual being, refining the higher thought, and renovating the whole man. It will scatter the corroding cares, the gloom of unbelief, the cankering virus of envy and malice, and the foul miasma of hate. Open wide the windows of the soul to admit that light; remove the curtains, and the blinds, and stained glass of sensualism, receiving its warmest beams, and the soul shall thrive.

A SHORT SERMON.—Some friends are only boon companions, some are hollow friends; the true friend is the friend in need.

BIBLE MAPS IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

AN elderly man taking up some little school maps of Palestine, looked at them fondly, and said, "I remember the time when first I saw a map of these places, and found that Jerusalem, and Damascus, and all these were real places, as real as the towns that I had been to. Then the Bible had a new meaning for me, and I became like one wild to know more about all these countries, and what happened there."

If our readers could have heard the earnestness with which he spoke, they would remember to show Bible maps to their children, while reading the appointed chapter; for the children know very little about the maps, though "teacher" may be so familiar with them as to think it unnecessary.

If we take first the map of Palestine, then of Syria, then of Paul's voyages, then the world as known to the ancients, then the world in two hemispheres, and then Europe, we shall give them a good idea of place and size of Palestine, when they have seen it in each one of these maps.

Also, by showing it to them, along with the map of Europe and the different countries in Europe, we shall help them to connect this lesson with some ideas gained from their day-school geography. Then show a map of their own county, one of their own town, both which are always extremely interesting to children; then let them see the map of Jerusalem and its environs, and they will gain some notion of the topography of Palestine. Never omit to find the places on the map. Let them see Damascus, with its rivers Pharpar and Abana. Let them see for themselves that Tyre and Sidon are on the sea-shore. Show them Jericho, only eighteen miles from Jerusalem, then they will not be in danger of confounding it with Coventry, as they might do by hearing disagreeable people sent to either of those places indifferently. And if they read the names of the mountains carefully, they will not be likely to think that Gamaliel was a high mountain in Judea at whose foot Paul was brought up.

THE SECRET OF A TRUE LIFE.

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, gives, in one of his letters, an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of crib; never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," says Dr. Arnold, and I think his words are very beautiful, "I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love out of a sound mind. Intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child, but of herself—save as regarded her improving of all goodness—wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory."

Certainly such a life was true and beautiful. But the radiance of such a life never cheered this world by chance. A sunny patience, a bright-hearted self-forgetfulness, a sweet and winning interest in the little things of family intercourse, the divine lustre of a Christian peace, are not fortuitous weeds carelessly flowing out of the life-garden.

It is the internal which makes the external. It is the force required in the atoms which shapes the pyramid. It is the beautiful soul within which forms the beautiful life without.

There are exquisite shells within the sea—the shell of the nautilus; many-chambered, softly carved, pearl-adorned, glowing with imprisoned rainbows. There are ugly shells within the sea—rude, dirt coloured, unsightly clam shells. But the shells are as the fishes are within. To them is given the power of extracting out of the same sea

the beauty and the grace, or the dulness and the rudeness.

So life will ever be what we make it—nautilus shell or clam shell. If we would have our life true and beautiful, then we must be true and beautiful.

How can we be thus? There is a Scripture which answers the question: "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me." If we want our hearts to be the residence of Christ, we must become Christly.

GO HOME, BOYS!

Boys, don't hang round the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street-corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play, and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious playground. It should have plenty of soft, green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad space to run and jump, and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended, I would tell them to Go HOME.

For when boys hang round street-corners and the stables, they get slouchy and listless. Of all things I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable, and fly before the wind when the word comes to go.

But this cannot be if you lounge about the streets, and loaf about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and the saloons. When you are from home, have some business; attend to your business, and then Go HOME.—*Sunday School Scholar.*

THE STRIFE FOR UNITY.

ONCE upon a time there was a conflict among the waters. Oil was thrown upon them, to pacify them. The waves, instead of subsiding, commenced to fight about the oil, and there was more strife than ever.

Two dogs were once fighting. A man, to stop them, threw a bone at them. The two dogs then went to fighting over the bone.

Mankind were once fighting. Christ gave his religion to stop it. They then went to fighting over his religion.

Some shocks of grain were once scattered on the ground. A husbandman gave them a band to bind them in a sheaf. They got to fighting over the band, and were more divided than ever.

The Christians were once divided. The Church was given them as a bond of union. They got to dividing on the Church, and are now more divided than before.

Two men were once drowning. A rope was thrown to them to save them. They got to fighting about the rope, and both were drowned.

Men were once perishing. Christianity was sent among them, to save them. They tried each to get it exclusively, and many were lost without it.

Two oxen were once pulling a plough. They pulled against each other, and, instead of ploughing the field pulled the plough to pieces.

The beasts of the barnyard once met to form a union. Each class excluded all the rest, and they formed a union by each declaring that there were no beasts but themselves.

The Christians once met to unite in one Church. Each sect excluded all the others, and formed a union by declaring that there were no Christians but themselves.

And, as the asses said there were no beasts but asses, and the sheep that there were no beasts but sheep, and the hogs that there were no beasts but hogs, so the Episcopalians said there were no Christians but Episcopalians, and the Catholics that there were no Christians but Catholics, and the Baptists that there were no Christians but Baptists.

Three brothers, disagreeing, met to

agree. Each decided that he was all, and that, agreeing with himself, all the brothers were agreed.

The Churches met to agree. Each decided that it was the only Church, and that, agreeing with itself, the whole Church was agreed.

A man was to receive all his relatives to an entertainment. But, as none of them came, he decided that they were not his relatives, and that, therefore, he entertained the whole family in himself.

A Church once invited all other Churches to return to it. But, as none of them returned, it decided that they were not Churches and that all the Churches were returned.

A man, learning that the entire population of the world was four thousand millions, decided that no body was any body but himself, and that, therefore, he was four thousand million.

A certain sect, learning that great glory attaches to the Church, decided that there is no Church but itself, and that, therefore, it has all that glory.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

On one day Mr. Moody had 316 requests for prayer. We subjoin a few:

Prayer is requested for a Sunday-school superintendent, that he may accept the blood of Christ as the sinners' hope.

By friends for three Christian sisters, who are living in un-Christian enmity.

For six infidels.

By a Texan, for himself, out of money and employment.

An orthodox paper rebukes this business in the following words:—"Your 'faith,' as you call it, is faithless and insulting to God. You honour Mr. Moody more than you honour God. You have faith in Mr. Moody that he will listen to your request, but you have no faith in God that He will listen to you. You believe that God is a partial, prejudiced being, having respect of persons, who will attend to Mr. Moody's petition, but who will not attend to yours. You, Romanist at heart, must pick out some saint to intercede for you, and that saint one of those still in the world, struggling against his own besetting sins."

SAUL, WHO IS ALSO CALLED PAUL.

SAUL the Pharisee, Paul the Apostle, another and yet the same. The resemblance is strong, the diversity is apparently strong, and yet we find but one man, though under widely differing circumstances. The one sincere, lofty-minded, pure-hearted, singly purposed individual, pressing right onward to the goal he had in view, turning neither to the right hand or the left—earnest, persevering, resolved to the end. At all times, in every stage of his career, he must have thought verily within himself, though at first it led him to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth, and to be zealous to slaying against his followers, and then, to be the most fervent adherent of the cause he had laboured to destroy, to be the humble, devoted, grateful disciple of him against whom all his energies had been directed. The Pharisee had many of these very salient points in common with the apostle. Of such, faithfulness to conviction was one of the most prominent. Saul listened to the inward voice, even in the wildest excesses of his sanguinary mood; he had no misgivings as to the rectitude of his proceedings, he was eaten up with zeal for God's honour, and not a particle of selfishness was mingled with the fury that raged in his breast against those whom he imagined were the enemies of that religion which was to him the perfection of holiness. Saul was "a good hater," a thorough opponent; he knew not how to strike soft in battle; he gave no quarter, he asked for none, but "stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure," he would have laid down his own life with the same serenity which he felt when the lives of the disciples were taken in his presence. Only Saul was blinded by bigotry, he had been nursed in the narrowest of all creeds, and his soul was cramped and stunted in the prison-house of formalism. He did all this ignorantly; it caused him afterwards much pain, but the mistake was of the understanding, not of the will; and hence he obtained mercy, and hence he was designated a chosen vessel to carry the name of Christ to the Gentiles. It appears that nothing

short of a miracle was adequate to effect this great change. All human means would have failed; and we cannot avoid remarking, by the way, how very absurd is the supposition which has been put forward as a solution of the fact of Saul's conversion, that he was met, on the road to Damascus, by Jesus himself, who had resided in that city after his asserted death, and who, in the course of a morning's conversation, persuaded this hitherto inveterate enemy to become just as fast and affectionate a friend. Well, cut the knot in this way if you like, you cannot deny the reality of Saul's conversion; whilst from this time we find him with a mind enlightened, with a soul expanded, with a heart warmed, and with the whole man transformed into that of the crucified one. He at once becomes in Christ a new creature; the scales fall from his eyes, he sees and he blesses the beams from heaven, he is warmed and invigorated under their cheering influences; and now straightway he preaches in the synagogues that Jesus is the Christ, he is persecuted by those who, just before, would have kissed the hem of his garment, and sent by night and by stealth from that town which he had regarded, in his former state, to be the chief scene of his triumphs, and he is at length chosen to be the apostle of the Gentiles, as such, also, by great and by long-continued tribulations, to enter into the kingdom of God.

We abide by the sacred narrative as it stands, for we find nothing else so simple, so clear, so intelligible, so consistent throughout. There is a perfect correlation of parts, they dovetail into each other, and they form a harmonious whole. And the history becomes from that time full of Paul, of his actions, his words, his journeyings to and fro, always with one, and but one, purpose; of sacrifices and heroic self-denial; of his trials and persecutions, of the stripes he received, of the imprisonments he suffered, of the perils encountered, of the buffetings endured from the lewd fellows of the baser sort, of the consoling sympathy of his friends. Here we perceive the difference, exceedingly great indeed, between Saul

and Paul. Saul, the supreme favourite of the men of the law; Paul, regarded by them as the off-scouring of all things, and yet glorying in tribulations, because such worked experience and a hope that could not be made ashamed.

The intellectual change that wrought on the mind and the purposes of Paul was astonishing, more so even than that which took place in his heart and affections. The natural man was throughout underlying the whole, for there were needed in the new convert resolution and ardour, inflexibility of purpose with sureness of aim, a large share of the best learning of the age, and a knowledge of the world, the result of intercourse with polished society; and all these he already possessed in an eminent degree. These were to be utilised, not suppressed. Add now the love of Christ, which constrained the whole of his future life, impelled every effort, as well as sanctified every thought, which prompted him to go through perils of the land and of the deep, carrying the gospel to the nations, never counting his life dear unto himself that he might, by all means, save some. That Paul's large and noble heart yearned towards the brethren, towards the whole mass of mankind, is evident from his speeches and epistles. "Watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears;" "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart;" "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you;" "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended and I burn not?" And that Paul, like all large and true-hearted men, inspired the utmost warmth of affection in others, is equally certain. We read that the disciples at Miletus took a final leave of him. "They all wept sore and fell on his neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more;" whilst his words, even in the midst of reproof, to the Galatians, bear testimony to their love to him: "I bear you record that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me." The whole life of

Paul, subsequent to his conversion, is a striking and most admirable comment on his own matchless definition of Charity (love) in his letter to the Corinthians. He was a man, and had put away the childish things of his former days; he was transformed in the renewing of his mind, and had throughout become in Christ a new creature.

Thus we find in the great apostle of the Gentiles that Christian is the highest style of man. Paul fully realises the character; lives, acts up to it, is ever at the post of duty; shrinks from no hardships, despises obloquy, is unmoved at the prospect of danger and suffering, and bears himself bravely in the midst of opposition and turmoil; never losing his self-possession, never succumbing to power exercised fairly or unfairly. Calm, yet firm; meek, yet resolute; entreating when defamed, reasoning with his corrupt judge on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; preaching in his hired prison-house the kingdom of God to all who come to him. Again, we say that all this is unaccountable, save on the hypothesis of his miraculous call; and we may as well accept this conclusion at once, and heartily. It will save a world of trouble, by putting to flight a whole host of wild conjectures, for herein we see, as if written with a sun-beam, the power of God and the wisdom of God. The words of Paley, in reference to the whole subject, have been often quoted; they will bear being quoted once more: "The question is whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this? Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into traditions, into books; but here is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and of what, if false, he must have known to be so!" A pious and learned friend, now no more among us, had a ready way of meeting plausible off-hand objections to the New Testament records: "There is

a book called 'Hore Paulinæ;' first sit down to read it, and then, if you can answer it, I shall be happy to further talk with you."

PATIENT, CAREFUL WORK.

If I could give a hint to all the young readers of THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, it would be in the spirit of a common proverb, "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." Some one has said that God hastens no result, and we may well copy His method in all things. A literary celebrity has illustrated the maxim in favour of patient and careful work in the following:—

Slow and patient work in writing is the kind that tells. Rapid writers are soon forgotten, but those who spend years in careful thoughts are immortal.

Tennyson was ten years in writing "In Memoriam." Thomas Gray was, in his day, one of the finest scholars in Great Britain, and perhaps unsurpassed in Europe. Very brief is the poem to which he mainly owes his celebrity, and which will keep his memory green and fragrant as long as the English language lasts. It may be read through in five minutes, but Gray was seven years in elaborating it.

But Gray's is no solitary case of scrupulousness in literary work. At the town of Ferrara are still treasured the ancient scraps of paper upon which Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas—the description of a tempest—in sixteen different ways before becoming satisfied with it.

Petrarch surpasses this. One of his stanzas he rewrote six-and-forty times, and Tasso's manuscripts so abound in alterations that they are illegible to other people's eyes. Montesquieu once remarked to a friend concerning a particular part of his writings, "You will read it in a few hours, but I assure you that it has cost me so much labour that it has whitened my hair."

Newton, despite his great intellect and huge stores of learning, found within himself patience to write his "Chronology" sixteen times over. Gibbon wrote out his "Autobiography" nine times over, and gave twenty years' toil to his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

WHO IS THE TRUE CHRISTIAN?

By J. H. WOODBURY.

THE term "true Christian" may give rise to the question,—Who is the true Christian? It is evident there are *many* professing Christians who are not true followers of Christ. How few, even of those who profess to accept Christ as their guide, follow truly in his light. How few have a real right to call themselves Christians, if the term is interpreted as "following Christ."

He who makes loud pretensions of loyalty to Christ, and in vain confidence boasts of his own perfection, yet walks in ways that strangely diverge from that straight and true one through which the Saviour leads—whose deeds do often condemn him—he, too, will evidently be found wanting, and must fail to find that favour in the sight of God and his Master which he mistakenly expects.

Who, then, are true Christians? who will comprise the band that shall be accounted worthy to wear the title; the forlorn hope that shall be drawn forth to advance the glorious standard to the enemy's walls? Though few in numbers, it may be, would they not, thus singled out and drawn to the front, be more irresistible, more overwhelming, more potent for good, than when surrounded by the whole halting, hesitating, lukewarm Christian mass? Doubly effective indeed would they become, for nothing could then dim their lustre or cast reproach upon their banners.

The man who is so fortunate as to have been born in a Christian community, and therefore by education is prepared to tacitly admit the truth of Christian Revelation, who reads his Bible habitually, attends Church regularly, listens respectfully to Christian discourse, and deports himself becomingly, as a Christian should one day in seven; but, during the other six, lives as though in another world—as though he had no soul that was interested in a future life,—devoting his whole energies and giving his every thought to the prosecuting of schemes that relate only to this,—such a man may be a Christian and receive his reward; but will not his account be very meagre?

Neither is he the true Christian who makes actual profession of devotedness to Christ; who warns his neighbour often and with startling emphasis; who sees many a mote in his brother's eye, but is conscious of none in his own; but who, withal, pursues a course of action entirely inconsistent with Christ's golden, fundamental law; who oppresses the poor, the unfortunate labourer, turning him houseless upon the cold world when failing to meet his engagements; who exacts the last farthing of the widow's mite; who inhumanely oppresses the youthful orphan in his charge, and denies him the coveted pleasures and recreations due to his years, in their stead overtaxing his frail system and deforming his young limbs with constant toil! O why call such a man a Christian? He is a shame and a reproach to the sect that communes with him, and until he has greatly changed cannot receive a very large reward in Heaven.

Nor is he a true Christian who, gifted with intellect that has been prepared by years of toil to teach his less fortunate, less educated brethren the way to Life, wastes too large a portion of the time which he has consecrated to his Master's cause in argument and theory, which, in view of the simplicity of the only essential and important Christian precepts, are entirely unnecessary, and only serve to confuse and distract the mind from its real duties and the actual beauties of the Christian religion, engaging in controversies and disputations concerning abstruse theories and blind dogmas that in no wise concern the real purpose of Christ's mission. Such men can hardly expect to be classed with true Christians, inasmuch as that they are *not true* to the spirit of Christ's teachings, and will not be likely to receive the cordial greeting—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" Yet will they have their reward, proportionate to their real service.

And again, are they true Christians who affect to follow with scrupulous exactness in the course which seemeth to them to lead heavenward, and yet fail to understand the great and all-essential principle of brotherly love? No men can justly claim to be true

Christians while wanting in that greatest of all virtues, charity. Let them not vainly imagine themselves perfect until they have read once more and noted well the words of Paul in respect to this virtue—charity.

Who, then, indeed, are true Christians? Thus strictly tested, the number may be small when compared with the swelling ranks that flock around the standard with protestations of love. The number is small, though, it may be quite as large as could be expected when we consider man's imperfections and his liability to err. If men were created perfect, then indeed there would have been no sin, no suffering, no Saviour. But as God has created men imperfect, and as He is a just God, He will not require impossibilities of them. He requireth of each only as He hath given to each, and therefore there *must* be different degrees of Christianity—different views in regard to it. But the fundamental principles of Christianity, the all-essential elements, are too plain to be mistaken; and he who, possessing the opportunity and fully aware of their importance, fails to inform himself in regard to them, and fails to apply them in his intercourse with men, deserves censure, to say the least.

But the true Christians—AND THEY ARE DISTRIBUTED AMONG ALL SECTS WHO PROFESS TO FOLLOW CHRIST—are they who truly love God with all their hearts, and from the very abundance of that love joyfully accept Christ as their dear elder brother, and go about doing good, emulating him and striving to be like him in relieving the wants of their fellow-men—brothers all. Sectarianism is not their forte; Christ is their guide; his word the fountain of their knowledge; his simple truths are burned into their hearts; they carry peace in their souls, content upon their brows, and their presence gladdens wherever they enter. They are a blessing to the world—the salt of the earth—the preserving element of mankind. Their presence reflects a halo of light even in the outcast's home, down in the very depths of iniquity. They vaunt not; they are not puffed up; they do good for the sake of humanity, and that they may

show their appreciation of God's goodness, not for the applause of men, or from other un-Christian motives. *They* are, indeed, followers of Christ—true Christians!

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

ABOUT 280 years B.C., Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A.D. 540, an architect arranged several cauldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldron, and the house was shaken with the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1553, June 17th, Brasco de Garay tried a steamboat of 200 tons, with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a cauldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garay.

In 1630 the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Invention," A.D. 1663.

In 1701 Newcomen made the first steam engine in England.

In 1764 James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1766 Jonathan Hulls first set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed the application in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffrey constructed a steamboat on the Saône.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Ramsey propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1789 John Fitch, of Connecticut,

navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1794 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1783 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic to America was the Savannah. Her principal progress was made as a sailing vessel. She took twenty-six days to cross the ocean. In 1838 the first English steamer crossed the Atlantic. During the first decade of this century the first locomotive began to run in the North of England.

—*Hunt's Merchant's Exchange.*

A CONTENTED MIND.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From heaven, which is close by.
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh;
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night;

We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told;
The fringes of eternity—
God's sweeping garment-fold—
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst—
Washed from celestial basement walls,
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor:
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

AN ASPIRATION.

If I could only rise
Beyond all mortal eyes,
Lift up my soul on high,
Do one great deed and die!
It cannot be; ah, no, it cannot be;
The common life must be enough for thee.

If I could only lead
A life, where one great deed
Would raise my soul for aye
Above the sultry day!
O, could I leave the toiling and the strife,
And springing upwards, reach the better
life!

Nay, child of God, not so:
Thy progress must be slow;
God gives not wings to fly
With one great bound on high.
With patient steps the ladder must be trod
That meets the sky, and leads thee up to
God. M. R.

SOLITUDE DEFINED.—A merchant asked his Sabbath-school class the other Sunday, "What is solitude?" and was answered by a boy who reads the papers, "The shop that don't advertise." That boy must belong to the puff family.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A GOLD-HEADED CANE.—A humourist says: "When a man ain't good for nothing else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane."

THE GREAT NEED.—It is not more money that people want, but more sense. There is wealth enough in the nation, to make every home in it a centre of solid comfort, did we only know, each one of us, how to make the most of the means at our disposal.

CURIOUS RESPONSES.—That God's people were like evergreen leaves, it is said, excited the cry in a Methodist meeting, "Lord, send us a leaf." And the fact that hens were among the most grateful creatures, never drinking without lifting their bills upward, produced the supplicatory exclamation, "Oh that we were *all* hens!"

FRIENDS AND FORTUNE.—With a clear sky, a bright sun, and a gentle breeze, you can have friends in plenty; but let fortune frown and the firmament be overcast, and then your friends may prove like the strings of a lute, all of which you will tighten before you will find one that will bear the stretch and keep the pitch.

IRISH THEOLOGY.—A certain noble earl and a priest lived upon the same Irish estate. Both of the gentlemen were thoroughly good-natured, but, as they belonged to different creeds, they considered it necessary "to agree to differ." After a while they met at the house of a friend, when it was arranged that their aggressions upon each other should be restricted to the narrowest limits. They shook hands and separated on the best possible terms, on the understanding that the priest should denounce the earl once a year from the altar on Christmas-day, and that the earl annually, on the anniversary of Boyne, should burn the priest in effigy.

THE SILVER EGG.—A silver egg was prepared as a present to a Saxon queen. Open the silver by a secret spring, and there was found a yolk of gold. Find the spring of the gold, and it flew open and disclosed a beautiful bird. Press the wings of the bird, and in its breast was found a crown; upheld by a spring like the rest, was a ring of diamonds, which fitted the finger of the princess herself. How many a promise there is within a promise in the Scripture, the silver around the gold, the gold around the jewels; yet how few of God's children ever find their way far enough to discover the crown of his promise or the ring of his covenant,—God's everlasting love to all his children of all ages, and creeds, and climes?

WHERE TO HIDE.—A reverend sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If I were a hare," said a Quaker who was present, "I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last day of December." "Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

ALL AGREED.—A clergyman on his way home from the church, found himself behind three ladies engaged in a lively discussion over the music of the service, one condemning the soprano, and another the tenor, while the third stoutly defended both. As the discussion grew warm, the third lady sought to pour oil on the troubled waters, and, in the words of the clergyman, "did so to perfection by a single judicious and truthful remark, to which all of them at once assented." "And what was that, pray?" asked his interested auditors as he told the story. "Oh," said he, "she simply said: 'Well, it was a miserable sermon, anyhow.'"

WHO ARE THE INSANE.—We think the following quite apt, and shows who the insane really are on the subject mentioned. In a small circle, chiefly of irreligious persons, the conversation casually turned on insanity; when a somewhat eccentric infidel present remarked that most people were insane on some subject, and he presumed those present were. Some one proposed that he should pass round the circle and acquaint each one wherein his insanity consisted. He immediately assumed the task, and having passed several, addressed an accomplished and pious lady: "Your insanity Mrs. —, consists in your religious zeal." "I am glad," she replied, "if it is not in the opposite. I recollect reading of an insane young man who, when he came to himself, said, 'I will arise and go to my Father.'" The gentleman paused, hesitated, and at length said, "You think, then, that those of us who have not this zeal are insane?" "I leave the application to yourself, sir."

The following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN:—

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Twelve copies and upward at 1d. per copy, post free.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.